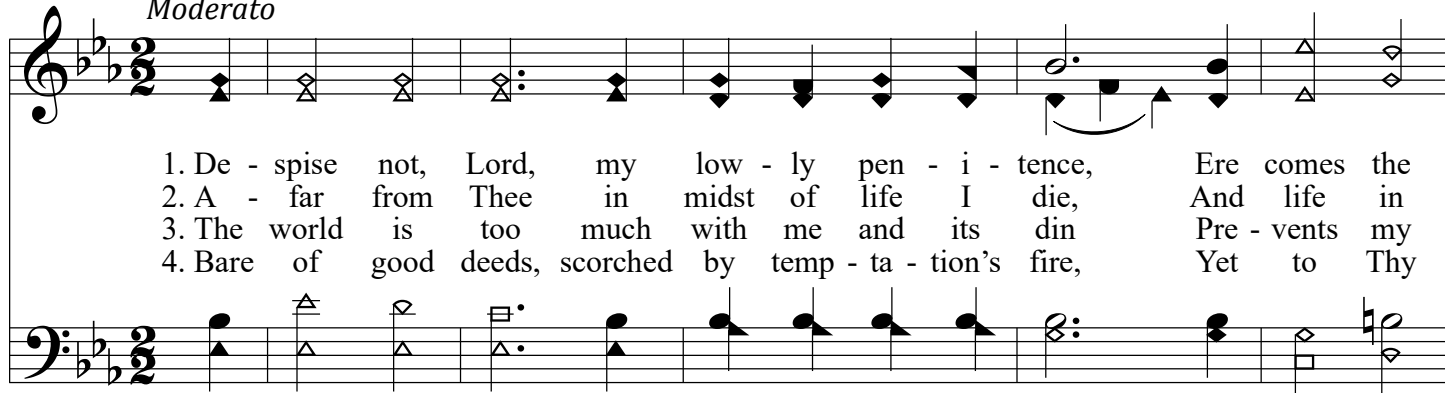


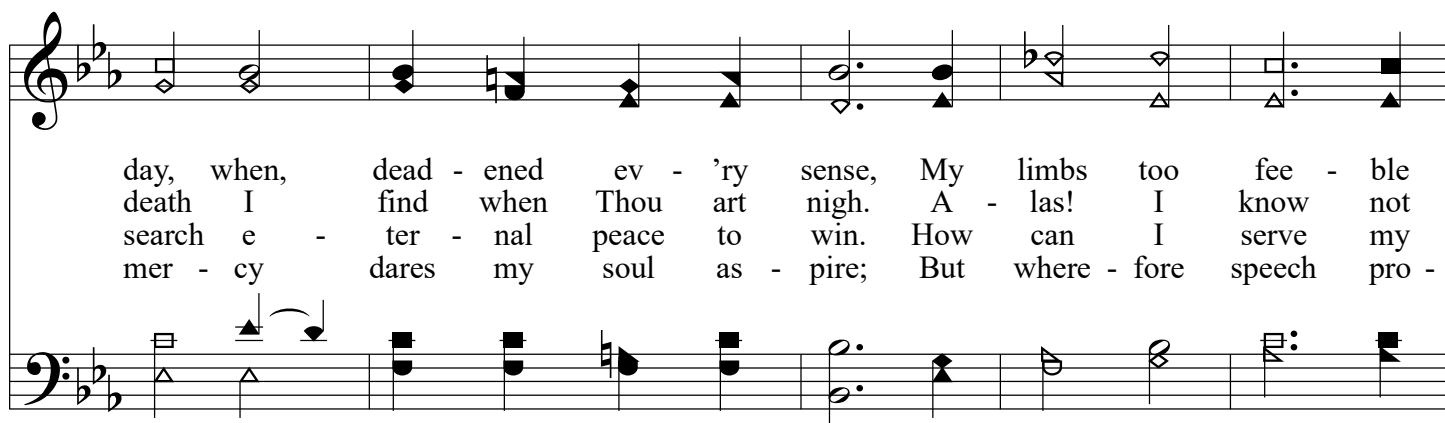
# Despise, Not, Lord

E♭/G - MI

*Moderato*



1. De - spise not, Lord, my low - ly pen - i - tence, Ere comes the  
2. A - far from Thee in midst of life I die, And life in  
3. The world is too much with me and its din Pre - vents my  
4. Bare of good deeds, scorched by temp - ta - tion's fire, Yet to Thy



day, when, dead - ened ev - 'ry sense, My limbs too fee - ble  
death I find when Thou art nigh. A - las! I know not  
search e - ter - nal peace to win. How can I serve my  
mer - cy dares my soul as - pire; But where - fore speech pro -



grown to bear my weight, A bur - den to my - self, I jour - ney hence.  
how to seek Thy face, Nor how to serve and wor - ship Thee, most High.  
Mak - er when my heart Is pas - sion's cap - tive, is a slave to sin?  
long, since un - to Thee, O Lord, is man - i - fest my heart's de - sire?